THE STORY OF MARY.

COLUMN 1987.

All the control like that we want to be a control to the contr down bars and striding across fields, he found himself at some distance from the home, when striking the road, he mounted and galloped at full speed for life and liberty. The horse bounding beneath him, the cool air rushing by, brought a sense of exhibitation. After all he was well, was free, and even if he were being pursued he had met friends, and good ones! This animal that every now and then proudly arched its neck beneath its rider's hand was glad to serve him. So the eyes that looked up to the dark blue sky with its myriad of stars were full of gratitude.

conest. The distance has been altitude.

It was like giving up a french when, leaping to the ground, he tailtiened the girth more secreted and them as he tailtiened the girth more secreted and the ground, he tailtiened the girth more secreted and the ground, he tailtiened the girth more secreted and the ground, he tailtiened the girth more secreted and the ground, he tailtiened the girth more secreted and the ground her tailtiened the girth more secreted and the grown and her tailtiened the girth more secreted and the grown and her tailtiened the girth more secreted and the grown and her tailtiened the girth more secreted and the grown and her tailtiened the grown and her tailtiened to the farm house.

"I cart, dot fellow, I can't, 'and then while he fell ashamed thus to require this affectioned as the fell ashamed thus to require this affection as a share blow and he had made an arrow off he pale face and swollen eyes, and found the tail bay at the staide door in the early morting. The blanket wet with sweat and the mulby lees showed that he had made a long and harried fourney. The boy, although a little afraid of the great beast, much and lead the lower was any other witness to made a to grow the law-made as a powerful lever with law-maders; and where the expressed have no voice, no representation, the ridge are a powerful lever with law-maders; and where the capprosed have no voice, no representation, the ridge are a powerful lever with law-maders; and where the capprosed have no voice, no representation, the state for the stage through the first had as a many little hand as he could, and then, and the voing soil, represented each and the voing soil, represented each a many little hand as he could be search and the voing soil, represented each and the vo

whole affait. And then as he thought of "dear Tom" the little fellow's grief broke out afresh. In the stable his father found him.

"I say, Jimmy, git up and don't be seeh a baby." Long said in a rough voice, but the hand on the boy's shoulder was gently drawn away, and when the child had run to the house in answer to his mother's sharp call, Dick Long, whose fears had been awakened by the broken lock, but who had found everything in order, looked after the little fellow, saving: "I'm darned ef I don't feel near as bad as Jim. I wonder ef 'Tom was a thief!" And then he went about his daily tasks, thinking sometimes of the negro who never came back. Little Jim watched for him often at sourise and at evening, sometimes called out his name in lonely places, listening, almost faneying as children will that a rustling leaf, a falling nut, was token of the friend who had so quickly won his heart. But Jim grew older and the memory of Tom became fainter and fainter, and perhaps would have died out altogether but for the wonderful gossups his mother would have with any chance visitor, about the convict they had housed "unknownst" to them. She "jest kep" her eves open, "she wond declare, "and the nigger didn't hev no chance," Then Jimmy's indignant heart would give a bound and he would ery: "Mother, you know Tom warn't no thiet, an' he saved my lite."

But gradually the memory of the vegro faded out of their quiet lives, with that of the "nice young

he saved my life."

But gradually the memory of the negro faded out of their quiet lives, with that of the "nice young man." Mr. Stern, who rode away the morning after big Jim's return.

Stern, convinced that the "Tom" hired by Long and

Stern, convinced that the "Tom" hired by Long and the convict were one and the same, had gained something. The man lived: and his reported dangerous character would bar the possibility of work or food being given to a stranger by any one in the neighborhood. In fact, every strange negro was and would be for some time under suspicion and liable to arrest.

There was not a person except little Jim who was not in sympathy with Stern, and as he rode from house to house repeating his cantious and renewing his promises of reward, many an honest fellow grasped his hand cordially and wished him safely back again with his recaptured prisoner. Thus leaving a guard behind him, Stern rode on through the country, following the clews that were sometimes so many as to bewilder rather than assist. Yet with the bloodhound tenacity he kept on. His leave of absence had been extended by fifton into a month, two weeks of which had passed without finding the negro. The harvest time was in O'Neal's favor; laborers being in demand, many negroes were afoot seeking employment, and it was hard to decide which was the convict. Night after night Stern cursed the black skins and himself when, after a hard day's ride in following up an exact description of the negro, he would come upon a stranger contestedly cating his pork and combread outside of a farmhouse door.

It was after one of these fruitless errands that Stern's re was not a person except little Jim who was

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un," and Mammy's face was full of smiles as she thought of the little caild that had crept into her heart.

Hurrying the mid-day meal Mammy rested a little virom her ironing, expecting that Julie would return. The hours came and went but Julie did not come. The old woman stopped her work a dozen times to look out of the door and up the road. But Julie was not in sight. Over and over the old woman counted on her fingers, "Well Julie had jes' two hours terego, dat makes two, and two hours terecome, dat makes four, an' den two ter stay, an' dat makes six." This calculation was perfectly correct and ample time for the trip, yet ten hours had gone and no Julie came.

"Lord, Lord, I hopes nothin' sin't happened terher," and a great fear began to fill the honest old heart as Mammy thought of the baby.

It was not until after sunset that she could stop her work. "Well, it am't no use," she said, "I jest can't keep on ironin' when I feels my heart as-bustin." And for the twentieth time she went to the door. At the gate stood Julie.

"Lor, Julie, chile, whar you bin!" Mammy ran to the gate to meet her. But something in Julie's face dampened her pleasure. She looked a moment at the poor girl.

"What's de matter, chile, what's de matter!" she

-I do, my pere gal—I do," she took his, hand in her hot thin one.

"Them tell the Judge," she whispered, " tell him to set Tom free."

It was only by promising her he would do this that Brown persuaded her to go back to Mammy's house. He looked down the street until the slight figure in dark calico passed through the little gate of Mammy's neat garden.

"Fore, gal, were gal."

Brown walked home thinking all the way of the negro and his unfortunate wife. When with a wild outery the young Browns rushed to meet him, the held as many little hands as he could, and then, surrounded by the others, told of the meeting with "pore Julie."

weeks. When at last she went to Manany's house the old woman was alone with the haby.

"Julie's gorned." Manany told the sympathetic little girl who took how man handlecrelic to dry it the tears that triebled down the kindly black face.

After meeting Brown Julie green and more restless. She wandered about the town and one morning, much to Manany's surprise but on her bonnet before she had eaten breakfast and softly touching the old woman's arm as shotstoped over the fire, said more naturally than she had for one time spoken, "Manany, Trigolog to walk out to the cabin."

"Manuny lifted her head and looked perplexed.

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"Manny, Manny, and she house a gon' dar, only to griebe yeurself."

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"Manuny lifted her head and looked perplexed.

"Well, chile, go an' de Lord' lean look at the house where I wax so lappy and to Lord' lean look at the house where I wax so lappy and to Lord' lean look at the house where I wax so lappy and the Lord limits in the form and delay only excited her, and flood. "An' now, afore yon goes, jest take a little montiful, that's a good clule."

Always gentle and yielding, Julie tried to eat. But the effort and delay only excited her, and then returning for her basket of clean clothes went along the same street. A little hunch for her, told her "she had better start afore de days grows too late."

She took her baby in her arms and the lunch in her hand. Manuny followed her to the gate, and then returning for her basket of clean clothes went along the same street. A little way from the dore she found on the pavenent the paper of linich.

"Dere" and stooping she picked it up. Thore while he same street. A little way from the dore she found on the pavenent the paper of linich.

"Dere" and stooping she picked it up. Thore chile's lost delay have been along the same street. A little way from the dore the late of the pape

even for de whites."

Julie had fallen on her knees. She hid her face
and seemed praying. Presently she bent over, took
a handful of earth and kissed it passionately. Then

she rose. "Come! Come! Mammy, I'm going to the Gov-

"Come! Come! Mammy, I'm going to the Governor to ask Tom's pardon."

She spoke so quietly that the old woman, whose short lived anger had given place to tears, answered: "Dat's right, Julie, dat's right, You'll get it sho." An' now, honey, let's go home." For Mammy belonged to the natural order of nurses who never irritate the sick by needless opposition.

That night Mammy kept the baby in her own bed, as Julie, without noticing the child, had fallen asleep soon after their return. She looked so peaceful when Mammy glauced at her before putting out the light that the good old soul felt relieved. Tired herself, she slept until daybreak, when she wakened with a start and put out her hand to find the baby lying warm and snug on its pillow.

"Wal, thar's nuthin' fer it but to do like the donke the ground. Over and on the ground. Over and on the ground. Over and the imappy fellow until with a trumphant "thar!" he arose amid deafening applause. Even Meg turned away to hide deafening applause. Even Meg turned away to hide as mice, tor, perched on his shoulder, covered with mid and with a long strip of calico flying from her torn dress, Nell, you beats 'em all," said her proud and delighted parent. He turned to Dennis, who had leaped the fence and joined him.

"Your sarv nt, sir, Mr. Day. I'm proud to well looked iirst at one hand and then the other with his jolly laugh. "I wish like the word brower had and then the other with his jolly laugh. "I wish like the most of the empty sleeve, he siopped:

"I s'pose yew aire Dennis Catching sight of the empty sleeve, he said with the donkey with the hay," and suiting the action to the word brown called himself on the ground. Over and familiar to Dennis, one had a smile, for catching sight of the empty sleeve, he said with the donker the main to the main to the main and the heads him known to an old friend him known to an old said. Whith a long strip of calico flying from her that the good old soul felt relieved. Tired without notices goin' fast but was all that made him known

numble way was but a further illustration of the ex, that, disclaim as they may, are in one manner or another, according to his nature, the blessing or he bane of man.

---CHAPTER XXIX.

ing you." And then laughting, he roused himself from a reverie so bright it had nearly robbed him of

half the hear so valuable to him.

After his modest breakfast he walked out to the Browns. The little cottage without a child in sight seemed still asleep as Dennis, fearing that illness might have visited the happy family, hastened his steps. But the sight of Mrs. Brown dissipated such thoughts. Fair and comely she looked with her sleeves rolled upandher round arms whitened by the floor of the bread she was vigorously kneading. Good strong muscles too." Dennis thought, remembering Meg's pleasure at Tim's having escaped the switching.

"Lor sakes, is it you, Mister Day," and she bobbed him a curtsey while she filled her pan with the snowy balls of dough, "Lor sakes, it is really you? I'm real pleased: I can't a'most help it, though pleasure is a sin. But that shawl; however did you know I wanted one? I has worn it five times ter meetin', an' feels mighty good in it. As fer them chillerns they was the most delighted when the box comed. An' new I hopes von'll stay ter dinner. I'll get up suthin' nice. Lor sakes, I've been so shamed o' the supper you took with us! Nuthin' but bread an' butter. I'd got mad with Brown about it, but what's the use o' gettin' mad with him ! It don't do no good. Now yer'll stay, won't yer?"

Thank you, Mrs. Brown, but I can't stay. I've just walke! out to see Mr. Brown in reference to that unfortunate woman who since her husband's

conviction has lost her reason."

" Pore critter! Brown told me. I ain't no hand fer niggers, but I ain't one fer treatin' 'em like dogs. We'll, of yer won't stay yer'll fin' Brown in the pertater patch. Good-mornin', sir, good mornin'." She stood watching Dennis after he had taken leave,

stood watching Dennis after he had taken leave, admitting his vigorous stride as he made his way to the field of potatees "Well, well, he do walk nice. An' what a handsome face, with them clear bine eyes! I declare he's a line-lookin' feller, an' as fer that arm he's so easy like one never misses it, till one feels a little queer a shakin' a let' hand."

Dennis came up to the field at a moment of wildest fan. Taking advantage of "Dad's" position, as on his knees he dug away at the potatoes, four of his youngsters, headed by the madeap Nell, were posing upon his back. In vain he expostulated, threatened, begged; on his back they remained, nearly throtting him with their arms around his neck.

THE DALLY TRUBURE. SUNDAY.

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SITUATION TRUBURES AND ASSAULT MANAGEMENT AND ASSAUL

each word and the tears which had in hed to his
eyes making him hurry to his tent fixit his contrades
inguit not see. "Domais Day, your Annt Selina, is
dead. She blessed you with her last breath. But
for me—how can I forgive a had that leaves his home
and breaks the heart of a womin who loved him as
a son! What right has a boy like you to be a
soldier?"

a son? What right has a boy like you to be a soldier?"
How often he had read it, how often in the still-After barning the midnight oil writing, writing, writing, until with head aching and side throbbing he fell into sleep and dreamed of Mary. Dennis wakened early in the morning. He had no tine for longing, for long reveries, for watching the earling smoke of his pipe. He made to himself no more bitter commentaries on the folly of noble ampulses.

"Not a moment to waste," he said as he thought of Mary, and of Janet's dark figure barring the way to her. "O white dove! When next your wings would bring you to me there shall be a nest awaiting way." And then lamburg in ranged himself.

"DENNIS DAY: I swore I would not give the first the solution of the had read it, how often in the stillness of night when on guard, or rying wakeful by the camp live, had be stilled the sobs that would come as he remembered that never received the core as he remembered that never received the work as her days to his he had never received a bine. He had given him many a misserable hour. And from that day to this he had never received a bine, the had given him many a misserable hour. And from that day to this he had never received a bine, the had given him and garden with the had given him and given him had given him and given

rose to his eyes, nearly hiding the written words:

"DENNIS DAY: I swore I would never write you
another line. I swore I would always remember
your negratitude in marching to the war and breaking your aunt's heart. Doctors may say she died of
consumption, but I know she never held up her
head after the day when you marched off with the
rest of the fools.

"A nice me a you have made of your life, losing
your arm, getting all crippled up with wounds and
breaking as kind a heart as ever beat in a woman's
breast. What good have you done? Can you see
it!

breast. What good have you done? Can you see it?

"As far as papers go, there's not a day I don't read something that makes me ask.' Did the Yankees win? Or were they whipped? And as for the niggers, it's all very well to call them free, but if there's any truth in published statements their freedom don't seem to have given them any rights. Their votes are worth about as much as blank paper, and if I didn't sometimes read of some of them being killed at an election. I would think they had voluntarily resigned their franchise. But for you—the pride of Scima's heart, to say nothing about what you might have been to me—for you to stay South and be called a carpet-bagger? I'm so ashamed Prealmost had a fight with that brother of mine about it. Not one of them all but turns his mose up at a connection of the Hunts being a carpet-bagger? It is not a bad name, Carpet-bagger, but I think fool suits you better."

Here there was a break in the letter. And then in

think fool suits you better?

Here there was a break in the letter. And then in weak, tremulous characters was added:

"Come home, Dennis. The doctors say I can't five long. And boy, I want to see you once more. I hate all the others tondying around. You may not have money, so I inclose two hundred dollars.

"Poor old man?" And Dennis sighed, Had his uncle been poor he would not have waited all these years. For his aunt's sake he would have seen him. But to carry back a maimed and useless body, to be taunted hourly with his poverty! No, that had not been possible. He folded the crisp boils, putting them into his pocket, and resolving not to touch them. He had enough money to take him to Vermont, and perhaps when there would have time to hingh the second part of his book, when he could obtain money from his publishers. He wrote a few lines to Dr. Colton telling him what he knew of the wife and child of Tom O'Neal. Then he hastily three some necessary articles into a valise, of which articles the Ms. Was far the must important and wife and child of fom O'Neal. Then he hastfly threw some necessary articles into a valise, of which articles the MS, was far the most important and bulky. Closing the door he left the key with Manmy, and receiving a hearty "God bress you, massa," from the old woman, started for the North. Manmy, and receiving a nearly massa," from the old woman, started for the North.

On the road he telegraphed to his uncle, and arrived one evening at dusk at the city which when a boy he had left a little town. A carriage was waiting for him. He recognized the driver. Nat Green, a type of the tall and thin and long features Yankee. The old man walked up and down peering into strange faces, passing and repassing Deanis until, catching sight of the empty sleeve, he stopped:

"I s'pose yew are Dennis Day," he said with the

And now all that remained of that strong man was this ghostly figure on the bed. Louder and louder ticked there week, ticking away his life. Presently with something that semnled as a faint echo of his old impatience seth Hunt spoke.

"You're wasting time, you're wasting time," and then with the tremble coming back to his voice, "Look up, Dennis, you great fool of a boy, look up, I want to see your face." And when Dennis raised his own and something like the shadow of a smile his own and something like the shadow of a smile highest the ghostly face.

"You've been a great fool, Dennis, a great fool. How you've changed? What a handsome lad you use! to be? Great fool, great fool," the old lips kept on murmuring. But there was nothing but tenderness in his face.

"To think you never came 'til I was dying, and wouldn't have come now if I hadn't sent the money.

"To think you never came 'til I was dying, and wooldn't have come now if I hadn't sent the money. Did you get it I' the old man asked quickly. Dennis's answer was to take the two bills out of his pocket and put them within the clasp of the thin tingers, that, released from his hand, were plucking nervously at the counterpane.

A smile, like the shadow of some amusing thought, passed over Seth Hunt's face, "And so you were too proud to touch the old man's money. Yet I calculate you're as poor as poverty. Well, so much the more for charity," and again that saile. "Put away the money in my box on that chest of drawers. Perhaps it'il be your last chance to refuse honest dellars."

Dennis's face had flushed hotly, but having

est dollars."

Dennis's face had flushed hotly, but having followed the old man's directions he came back to him and drew a chair to the bedside. "Uncle," he said, "I'm not rich, but I've managed to get on and owe no man a cent. Now I intend to do better and make some money."
"How'll you make it?" a sneer came over the old

"How'll you make it?" a sneer came over the old face, shadowy like the smile.

"Writing," Denuis answered.

"Bosh," said Seth gHunt. A pause and then be heard again the old voice, grown sharp and queru-lous now. "If you'd come and asked me I'd have put you in a good business. But that hard head and obstinate pride, I suppose, they kept you back. And now it's too late. You've made your bed and you must lie in it."

you must lie in it."
"That's all right, uncle: I'm not complaining of my lot. I know I brought it on myself. And yet."

"That's alt right, and it is no myself. And yet—"
he hesitated.

"Spit it out," said the old man, and Dennis was
surprised to see that the faded eyes could look so
sharp and angry. "Spit it out," Seth Hunt repeated as Dennis still hesitated.

"And yet, uncle, though I call myself fool oftener
than you can, if the war were to be fought over, I'd
have to go. It seemed right to me then, it seemed right
to me now. I no longer feel the hopes that made
my boy's heart glad. I no longer dream of gaining
a great name and making you proud of me, for I
know a soldier can do faithful duty and gain little
reputation. And I live where I are constant examples of its uselessness in the war's results. I live
where life and property are not safe, should one
enter into politics and strive to make a party other
than the one upheld by the wealth and power of
the State. I live where there are laws as ruinous to
the negro as was ever slavery; yet, uncle, if tho
war were to be fought over I would have to go. It
would be my duty."
Dennis had's boken very gently, net wishing to

the negro as was ever slavery; yef, uncle, if the war were to be fought over I would have to go. It would be my duty."

Dennis had speken very gently, not wishing to anger the sick man. But something like a flush darkened the old face and his uncle's eyes were turned away. The old hand had fluttered as if it, too, wanted to be freed from the toneh of this obstinate young man. But Dennis would not let it go; he held it warm and close.

"Don't be angry, uncle." No answer from the old lips which he could see were trembling.

"Don't be angry, I've come all this way just to see you. God knows I've wanted many a time to come. But my unanswered letters made me think I would not be welcome. I knew yon were rich, and I was poor. Had you been poor I would have come back, and have been a true ron to yon. Working for yon would have given a motive to my life which until lately has seemed so useless. I would have been happy working for yon, for I can never forge how kind you were to a wretched little orphan."

The old face began to work nervously, and on thin hand was held up as if to bid Dennis say no more. But Dennis dd not see it. His head was best could not shame manhood.

Sileuce again, broken only by the ticking of the maid coming in with nourishment for the sick mar, lit the lamps that drove away the dusky shadews.

To be Continues.